She ſhall be married to this noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this haſte?
Well, keepe no great ado, a friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being ſlaine ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly
Being our kinſman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue ſome halfe a doozen friends,
And there an end, but what ſay you to Thurſday?
Paris. My Lord, I would that thurſday were to morrow.
Ca. Well get you gone, a Thurſday be it then:
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, againſt this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my chamber ho,
Afore mee, it is ſo very late that wee may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

III.v. *Enter* Romeo *and* Iuliet *aloft.*

Iu. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierſt the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.
Rom. It was the Larke the herauld of the morne,
No Nightingale, looke loue what enuious ſtreakes
Do lace the ſeuering cloudes in yonder Eaſt:
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocand day
Stands tipto on the myſtie Mountaine tops,
I muſt be gone and liue, or ſtay and die.
Iu. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:
It is ſome Meteor that the Sun exhale,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua.*
Therefore ſtay yet, thou needſt not to be gone.
Ro. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, ſo thou wilt haue it ſo.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the the morning: eye,

Tis but the pale reflex of *Cinthia*
Nor that is not the Larke whoſe
The vaultie heauen ſo high abou
I haue more care to ſtay then wil
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet*
How iſt my ſoule? lets talke it is
Iu. It is, it is, hie hence be gon
It is the Larke that ſings ſo out
Straining harſh Diſcords, and v
Some ſay, the Larke makes ſwe
This doth not ſo: for ſhe diuide
Some ſay the Larke and loathed
O now I would they had chang
Since arme from arme that voyc
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt
O now be gone, more light and
Romeo. More light and ligh
woes.

Enter Mad

Nur. Madam.
Iu. Nurſe.
Nur. Your Lady Mother is cũ
The day is broke, be wary, looke
Iuli. Then window let day in
Ro. Farewell, farewell, one ki
Iu. Art thou gone ſo loue, Lor
I muſt heare from thee euery da
For in a minute there are many
O by this count I ſhall be much
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo.*
Rom. Farewell:
I will omit no opportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings
Iu. O thinkſt thou we ſhall e
Rom. I doubt it not, and all th
For ſweete diſcourſes in our time

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG